Princ. How ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Po. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our pleaſure to faile; & then will they aduenture vpon the exploit themſeues, which they ſhall haue no ſooner atchieued, but weele ſet vpon thē.

Prin. Yea, but tis like that they wil know vs by our horſes, by our habits, and by euery other appointment, to be our ſelues.

Po. Tut, our horſes they ſhal not ſee, Ile tie thē in the wood, our vizard we wil change, after we leaue them: & ſirra, I haue caſes of buckorum for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. Yea, but I doubt they wil be too hard for vs.

Po. Wel, for two of them I know to be as true bred cowards as euer turnd back: and for the third, if he fight longer then he ſees reaſon, Ile forſweare armes. The vertue of this ieſt wil be, the incomprehenſible lies that this fat rogue will tell vs when we meete at ſupper, how thirty at leaſt he fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of theſe lies the ieſt.

Princ. Wel, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs al things neceſſary, and meete me to morrow night in Eaſtcheape, there Ile ſuppe farewell.

Poy. Farewell my Lord. *Exit Poynes.*

Prince. I know you all, and will a while vphold
The vnyokt humor of your idleneſſe:
Yet herein will I immitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother vp his beauty from the world,
That when he pleaſe againe to be himſelfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wonderd at
By breaking through the foule and vgly miſts
Of vapours that did ſeeme to ſtrangle him.
If all the yeare were playing holy daies,
To ſport would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they ſeldome come, they wiſht for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents:
So when this looſe behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promiſed,

By how much better then my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie mens hopes,
And like bright mettall on a ſullin ground,
My reformation glittering o'er my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no foile to ſet it off.
Ile ſo offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke leaſt I will. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpur, Sir Walter Blunt, with others.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate,
Vnapt to ſtirre at theſe indignities,
And you haue found me; for accordingly,
You tread vpon my patience: but be ſure
I will from henceforth rather be my ſelfe,
Mighty, and to be feard, then my condition
Which hath beene ſmooth as oyle; ſoft as yong downe,
And therefore loſt that Title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoule ne're payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe (my ſoueraigne Liege) little deſerues
The ſcourge of greatneſſe to be vſed on it,
And that ſame greatneſſe too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make ſo portly. *Nor.* My Lord.

King. Worceſter get thee gone, for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye,
O ſir your preſence is too bold and peremptory,
And Maieſtie might neuer yet endure
The moody frontier of a ſeruants brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we need
Your vſe and counſell, we ſhall ſend for you. *Exit Wor.*
You were about to ſpeake.

North. Yea my good Lord.
Thoſe priſoners in your highnes name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* tooke,
Where as he ſayes, not with ſuch ſtrength denide,
As he deliuered to your Maieſtie.
Either enuy therefore, or miſpriſion
Is guilty of this fault, and not my ſonne.